

Feline Ponderings

(Mo Contemplates Life)

The cat did not like possums.

Possums, the cat decided, were an abomination of nature. They looked like rats, but they didn't smell like normal mammals. They were ugly, dirty, and they rudely came creeping into the cat's territory to eat the cat's food.

Worst of all, the most common offender was a large female just about the cat's size. The one time the cat had tried to chase her away, the possum had puffed up to twice her normal size and hissed; *back off or I will rip your face off*.

Possums were very uncivilized. The cat had decided it was best to just stay away.

Thankfully, the humans that lived in the cat's territory did not like possums either. The cat could usually count on them to chase the possums away with their long flailing limbs.

The cat liked humans. Well, better than the cat liked possums. Humans also didn't smell like normal mammals, but at least they didn't eat the cat's food. In fact, the cat had discovered that by going up to one of them and talking at them for an extended period of time, the human would produce a pile of crunchy bird-flavored pellets. This was particularly useful for when the cat did not feel like going hunting for birds which, for some strange reason, the cat increasingly felt the lack of desire for such a pleasurable activity. And so the cat tolerated the humans in the cat's territory.

One of the humans in particular the cat found fascinating. It was a young male as near as the cat could tell. What was odd about it was that the young male understood the cat.

Humans were not very intelligent. They couldn't understand other creatures, and their own language was very primitive; seemingly consisting of nothing more than loud, nonsensical noises. It relied neither on melody like a birdcall, or on scent and body language like most mammals. This was a very irritating predicament and hence why most creatures did not care all that much for humans.

The young male that lived in the cat's territory was different, however. For some reason, he could understand what the cat was saying, and could speak to the cat as well. His language was still very different from the cat, very quiet and hollow, as though he was speaking from far away, but the cat understood him well enough.

It wasn't just the cat either, the cat had noticed. The young male seemed to be able to understand all of the animals that lived in the cat's territory. He even understood the trees.

Trees were strange, ancient creatures that had no language of their own, making them just as hard to communicate with as humans. They held no quarrel with any creature; although occasionally when the cat had been hunting upon their forms, he had fallen to the ground when the tree arbitrarily detached one of its aging limbs from its body. But for the most part they left other creatures alone, obviously with the desire that other creatures reciprocate.

But the cat noticed that the trees would react whenever the young male was around. The cat didn't know exactly what they were saying to the young male, but they always seemed to become more alive when he was around, seemingly speaking to him in a way even the cat could not understand.

There were many days when the cat would follow the young male around, simply because the cat found it reassuring to be in his presence. And it seemed that the young male felt the same way about the cat.

Perhaps if the cat cared enough, the cat could discover what made this young human male so special. But the cat was not that motivated. Emotions were not something that greatly concerned the cat. The young male understood the cat, and for the cat, that was enough.